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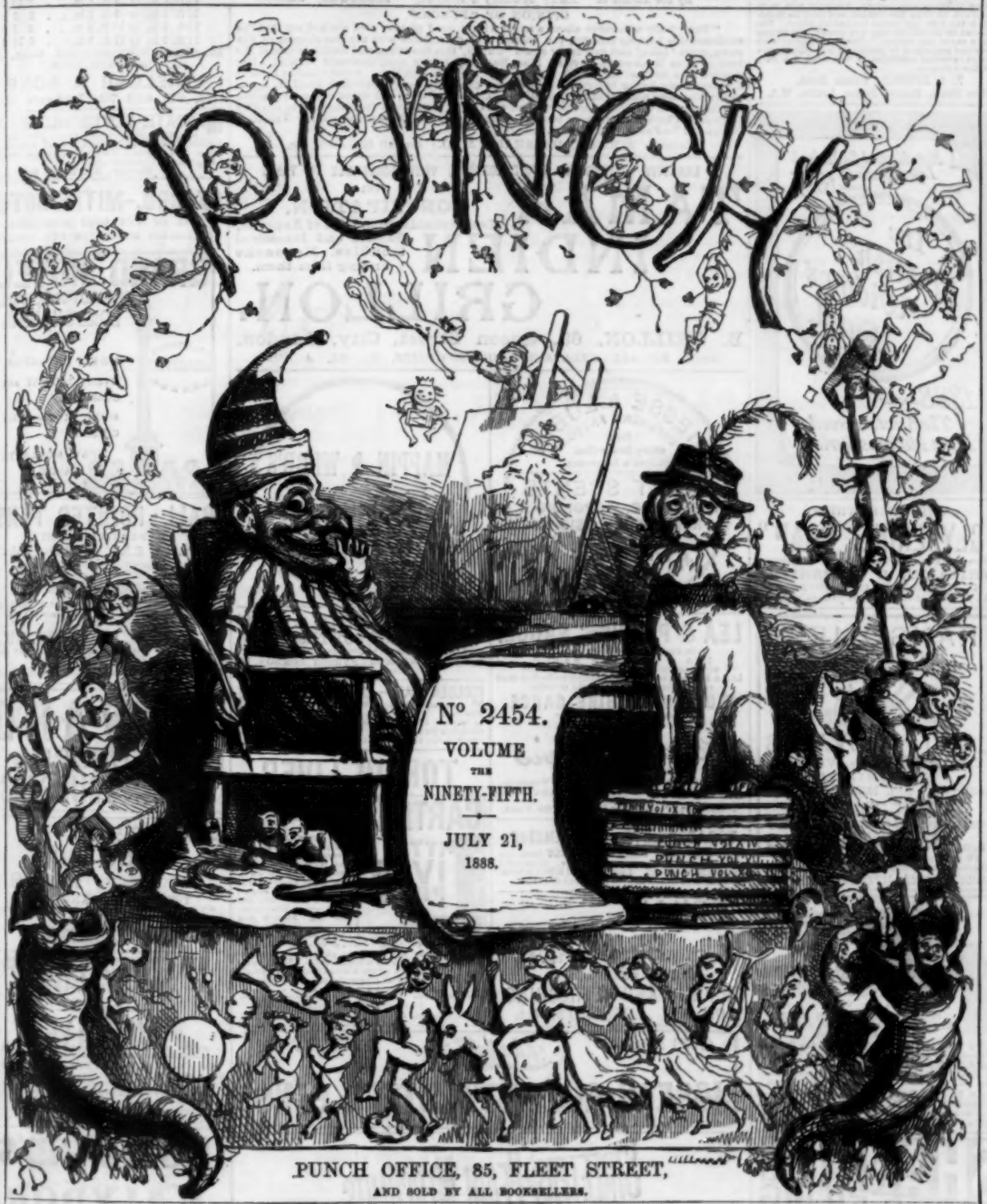

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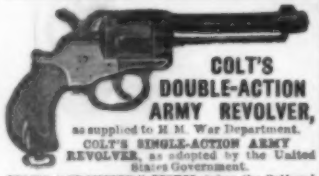

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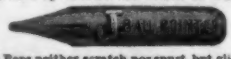

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VOCES POPULI.

AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

A group of British Visitors are dubiously inspecting an immense "Monumental Fireplace," representing rocks, in the centre of which a marble Mermaid (heroic size), is emerging from a gigantic shell, and toying absently with an octopus.

First Visitor. Very peculiar, eh? (*Consults Catalogue, and finds the work described as "Decus Pelagi," which does not help him much.*) Um—a fancy piece!

[*Suddenly loses interest in it, and moves on.*

Female V. (*to her Husband*). It looks like a drowned diver; but then, what is that long thing, like the end of an eel, sticking out of the shell?

Her Husband. That's her tail—she's a mermaid, you see. And an octopus has got hold of her arm, while she's pinched in that shell. It's very well done.

F. V. Oh, very. But not at all a pleasant subject, *is* it?

Husband. Well—(*considers, without being able to arrive at any opinion*)—that depends on the view you *take* of it.

F. V. (*wavering*). I suppose it does; but still—(*forgets what her objection is exactly, and becomes languid*)—oh yes, no doubt.

Jocular V. (*to his Wife*). How d'ye think that would look in our back parlour, eh, POLLY?

Polly. I wouldn't have it, not if you was to give it me, I wouldn't. Why, they haven't left no place to stand a clock and ornaments on.

Mr. Highsniffe (*who is endeavouring to form the taste of his fiancée*, Miss PHYLLIS TYNE). You don't mean to tell me you *like* any of these things!

Miss Phyllis. Well, I don't pretend to be partial to statuary as a general rule; but I *do* like this. It's all so natural, with the eyes put in and everything. Why, look at the beads in this girl's necklace!—and I'm sure you can count every stitch in that jersey! And the boy trying to button his shirt; and the black girl who has just been vaccinated; and the little girl caught reading a book she oughtn't to—they're as real as life!

[Mr. HIGHSNIFFE *comforts himself by reflecting that one can't have everything in this world.*

IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

A Visitor (*examining a representation of the "Flight of the Pope Eugenio IV."*). That's the POPE, you see, standing up in the boat.

Second V. Yes, I suppose so; but who's that crouching down behind the shield, in the red bonnet?

First V. (*who has not noticed this before*). That! Oh, that's his wife, I expect.

In Room V. are some Colossal Canvasses, which produce an intimidating effect upon the spectators, who stand before them in gasping silence.

First Spectator (*on recovering speech*). Appears to be a battle, or something of the kind, going on, eh? (*has a misgiving that this is rather a rash conclusion*). I don't know, though.

Second S. Oh, it's a battle—it's certainly a *battle*. What battle, I can't say, unless it's the battle of—(*tries to recollect the name of any ancient battle, but fails*). Very likely the catalogue will tell us. Ah, of course, Imera—in Sicily, you know (*he gives this piece of information as if he had not just found it in the Catalogue*).

First S. Imera—to be sure it is! Let me see, it was fought between the Sicilians and—and, wasn't it the Romans?

Second S. It was the Romans (*thinks there may be somebody behind who knows, and hedges*)—that is, if it wasn't the Greeks. I rather fancy it *was* the Greeks.

A Puzzled Person (*reading Catalogue*). "See HERODOTUS"—'um.

His Wife. Is that HERODOTUS on the grey horse?

[P. P. *gives it up.*

Paterfamilias (*to his son*). Here, BOB, you're fresh from College. What's "*Hic Optime Manebimus*"? Title of this picture over here.

Bob (*after a cautious reference to the Catalogue*). Oh, it's out of PLUTARCH—about the Second Foundation of Rome, and CAMILLUS, and so on.

Pater. I can read that for myself. What I want to know is, what the Latin means.

Bob. Oh! (*desperately*) ["MANEBIMUS is the best man here;" he was a popular character at that time—a demagogue and all that.

Pater. (*suspiciously*). I don't see what that has got to do with the life of CAMILLUS.]

Bob ("*bluffing*"). CAMILLUS—why MANEBIMUS was his *other* name!

Miss Phyllis (*to her fiancé*). Oh, come along; never mind these stupid Italian oil-colours. I'm sure *they're* not worth looking at.

Mr. Highsniffe. I'm glad to hear you say so. These—ah (*with a slightly corrective emphasis*), oil-*paintings* hardly deserve any serious study. Where would you like to go now? There are several things you really *ought* to see.

Miss Phyllis. I've seen all *I* want—let's go on the switchback.

[*He yields with an inward shudder, and wishes that her tastes were less primitive.*

IN THE "ALIMENTARY ANNEXE."

Mrs. Bryanston. How do you do, Mr. LAPSLING? I'm only just waiting to see these Mandolinist people come on—and then I shall go.

Mr. Lapsling. Oh, really? I—I hope they won't be very long before they begin, then.

[*It dawns upon him, ten minutes later, that he might have made a happier remark.*

IN THE MARIONETTE THEATRE.

The Puzzled Person (*the First Part is beginning, and a bearded puppet in a turban has just made his appearance on the stage*). I don't exactly see what a Turk is doing in *The Eruption of Vesuvius*. (*A female marionette comes on with a jerky caution, kneels to the Turk, clasps her hands passionately, and then beckons—the marionette with the beard is evidently deeply moved.*) Ah! she's warning him to fly from the eruption. (*Another female marionette enters, and kneels, after pointing upwards in wild terror.*) I fancy there's some mistake in the programme. It's *The Deluge* they're doing—not *The Eruption*, after all. That's NOAH with the beard, and they're begging him to take them in the Ark. Yes, that's it, of course. (*Scene shifts to a cavern under the sea, with a fish swimming in mid air, without making any progress.*) I thought so—it *is The Deluge*. (*The bearded puppet enters, and, after one or two abortive efforts, succeeds in jumping inside the fish.*) Hullo! that can't be NOAH, though! Why, of course, it's JONAH—JONAH and the Whale. (*Last change of scene to hall with columns and pillars; procession of four janissaries enters marching, with their feet in the air; a small dwarf follows, and begins to dance with great energy—re-appearance of bearded marionette with a staff, which he tosses up and catches like a drum-major, as the curtain falls.*) Why, I thought he was inside the fish. Well, it doesn't seem very connected, to *me*—but (*with a bright idea*) perhaps that was the Ballet *Excelsior*. Eh? no, that's the Second Part, though. Ah, well, we shall find out by-and-by, I daresay.

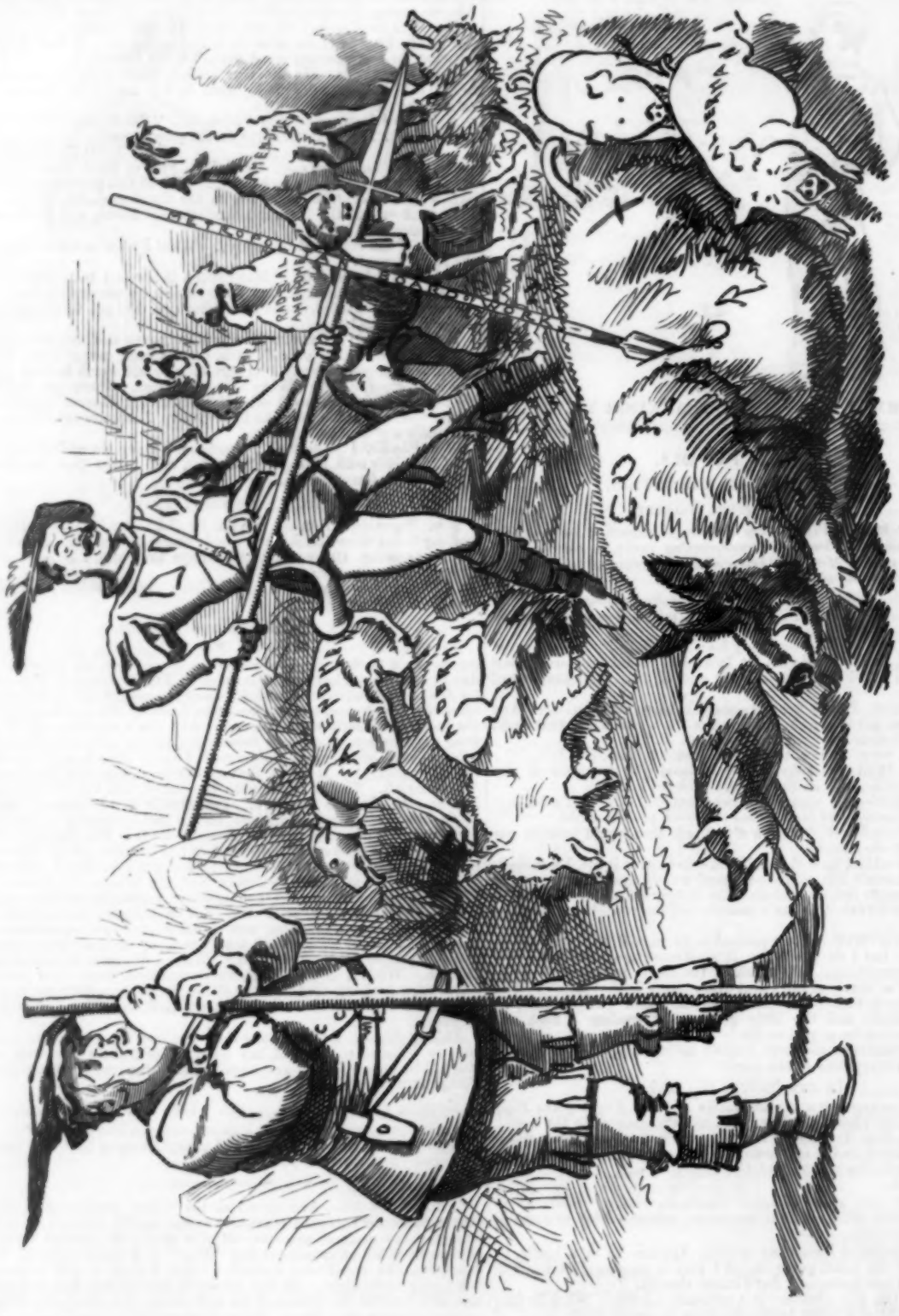
Elderly Maiden Lady (*during the "pas seul" by the prima ballerina in "Excelsior"*). Well, my dear, I don't know how you can laugh, I'm sure—*I* never saw anything so shameless in all my life—it ought not to be allowed.

OUTSIDE THE COLOSSEUM, AFTER "THE TRIUMPH OF TITUS."

Mother (*to small boy*). Well, FREDDY, did you like it?

Freddy. Yes, pretty well. Only I thought they'd have had lions, and—and—real martyrs, you know.

LATEST KNIGHTS.—Announced as the "New Musical Knights." One of them, Sir CHARLES HALLÉ, is rather an Old Musical Knight, being seventy years of age, but—*H'allez donc!*—he doesn't look it or show it, when he appears at the "Pops" as popular as ever. Sir JOHN STAINER is a Newer Knight. "The Knight is still young," being only forty-eight. He has plenty of time before him to prove himself a capable Sir-stainer of his well-deserved reputation. With musical honours, Gentlemen, charge your musical glasses!



A SQUEAK FOR LIFE.

Ritchie the Piqueur (to eager hounds). "BACK, THERE! LET HIM GET AWAY!"

Ex-Piqueur Harcourt. "YOU 'RE A NICE TENDER-HEARTED SPORTSMAN! JUST LET *ME* HAVE THE CHANCE AGAIN—*I'LL* FINISH HIM!"

THE BABYLONIAN BOAR-HUNT.

"The tenderness with which he beats the Pigs proves him to have been a *Sus Bœotiæ*; possibly *Epicuri de grege Porcus*: for, as the poet observes,—

"'A fellow feeling makes us wond'rous kind.'"

SHELLEY *in Introduction to "Œdipus Tyrannus; or, Swellfoot the Tyrant."*

The Modern Swellfoot (Sir W. H-RC-RT) *loquitur*:—

TENDERNESS!—and to Pigs? Oh misplaced mercy!
I would not spare them thus,—quite—visy-versy!
A fellow feeling? True, my moony SHELLEY!
If against Boars you have a *casus belli*,
War *à outrance*, I say, war to the knife!
I, SWELLFOOT, would not spare a single life,
Like ZEPHANIAH, the hog-butcher, I'd slay.
This temporising is mere baby-play.
Call this a Boar Hunt? Not *this* sort of fun
The Attic heroes had in Calydon,
'Tis only fit for modern Babylon.
Why, the old Boar escapes, and, what is bitter,
Hunter won't let the hounds slay all the litter,
True, some are down, and some are maimed, but some
Are hooking it. Such "Sport" is all a hum.
You a pig-sticker? No, egregious R——E,
Your mental obfuscation must be pitchy,
Beating the Boar-hounds down in that mad fashion!
By Jove, it almost puts me in a passion.
Me the complacent one "of kingly paunch,"
As SHELLEY puts it. I should like to launch
My javelin at the Corporation Boar.
The brute should root and ravage then no more.
"Give him a chance," indeed? Such folly irks.
You 'd spare the Metropolitan Board of Works,
If you 'd your way, I've not the slightest doubt.
A hunter's heart should not be soft, but stout.
AGAGS are meant for hewing, pigs for sticking,
Boar-spears are made for thrusting, not pin-pricking.
A pretty hero you would make, I'm sure;
A THESEUS who would spare the Minotaur!
You petty PURGANAX, your blows mere digs,
Your pusillanimous maxim, "Please the pigs!"
Would I 'd your chance! But that *may* come to pass;
Then the Big Boar shall get his *coup de grace!*

AN INITIAL DRINK DURING SARAH'S SEASON AT THE LYCEUM.—"S. and B."

STARTLING.

"I'M VERY GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF ANY COMFORT TO YOUR POOR HUSBAND, MY GOOD WOMAN. BUT WHAT MADE YOU SEND FOR *ME*, INSTEAD OF YOUR OWN MINISTER?"

"WEEL, SIR, IT 'S *TYPHUS* MY POOR HUSBAND 'S GOT, AND WE DINNA THINK IT JUST REET FOR OUR AIN MINISTER TO RUN THE RISK!"

FABER MINOR PUNCHIO SUO, R.S.V.P.

CARE PUNCHIOLE,

ALII socii paullò caninius scribunt; nostrâ scholâ altiora molimur: quæ res magistro gaudio est; nobis non molesta; nulla autem est ὄβρις de me. Habui unam tonantem alaudam hoc dimidio. Avunculus meus, qui domi, permissione ægrâ, ab extremis Indis jamdudum commoratur, nuper huc venit, et me equitatum excepit. Equum immanem, colore graium, caupo malignus mihi obtulit. Non potui tamen plumam monstrare albam. Cor in ore, ossa trementia, vultus maximâ tranquillitate, non dicere audaciâ. Equus meus erat ut muri Babylonis, ducenos pedes altus—vel manus, si manus libentius audis: et durus ore ceu messorum ilia. Bene, secavimus flammarum instar. Subito apparet præsepe, res ad unguem pro saltu. Animal meum usque ad punctum collaborare conor. Frustrà. Huc illuc saltitat. Ast ego non graiis servitum motibus ibam. Persuasoribus introductis quadrupedem ad præsepe appono, dum nequioquam avunculus a tergo clamat, veritus ut obstaculum superemus. Incredibili celeritate volitamus. (Stat sonipes.) Ego quidem non maneo. Sublimi ferio sidera vertice. Tuno tribus aut quatuor gyrationibus aëriis effectis, oppono auriculam cæspiti vivo. Ego etiam vivo; sed primum verò me exanimem cogitavi. Carpo meipsum et apprehendo bestiam brutam, qui quantulum nefandulum stultum de se fecisset ignorare constanter simulabat. Aquam fortem, ad avunculi sumptus proximâ tabernâ imbibi. Sic domum, nullo pejor, sed lætus ut cicala illa marina, cui nomen "puer arenosus" a majoribus nostris fuit tributum. Tuus fideliter,

FABER MINOR, (*vulgò* "SNIPE.")

P.S.—Cum IONIBUS minoribus nuper dimicavi (si quidem IONES sunt plurales—non scio, neque curo, nec scire fas est omnia). IONES isti juvenes non pulchrè pugnaverunt, namque insani leonis vim stomacho apposuere nostro. Haud mora; caput ejus optimè charivabar, (ὅτ ἐτὸς εἶπεν; Charivari, 1st dep. = *Punch*) donec spongium vomsit. Obliviscor perfectum de "vomo," nec scire fas est omnia ut supra dixi, sed donec eris felix quid opus est verbis? Amorem meum TOBIO tuo.

CIVIC ELOQUENCE.

IF all Masters of City Livery Companies were like Sir ANDREW LUSK, how readily should we all flock to their splendid Banquets. Having the other day to perform the somewhat difficult task of stepping down from the exalted position of Master of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, in the very middle of the Banquet, he took his leave in the following memorable words:—

"Twelve months since I appeared in this noble Hall with all my blushing honours thick upon me. But this day comes a frost, a killing frost, and withers all my blossoms. I must therefore say, Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness, and be satisfied henceforth to retire to the country, and propose toasts and make speeches at cricket clubs and harvest homes, and people will say of me as they did of SCOTT's old Minstrel—

"'He tunes, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp that kings were wont to hear!'

"In conclusion, let me say—

"'Charge, Fishmongers, charge! On, Wardens, on
Are the last words of Marmion!'"

HASPIRATIONS.—ROBERT read out the titles of the harticles in the *Henglish Hillustrated Maggyzine* for this month, "The Mediation of Ralph 'Ardelot," "Pagodas, Haurioles, and Humbrellas," "William 'Utton," "A 'Ampshire 'Amlet," "Hin Hexile," and "Het Cætera."

THE CLOUDS AND THE CONFERENCE.—What weather for Lawn Meets at Lambeth! Last week, the Pan-Anglicans who attempted to disport themselves at garden-parties, without umbrellas or mackintoshes, must have returned home quite Dripping-Pan-Anglicans.

A SIGHT for gods and men at the South Kensington Silver Charity Bazaar, during three wretched days last week,—Good Women struggling with *Fête*.

BUSY WITH BISMARCK.

ACCORDING to an evening paper, Prince BISMARCK, the other day, was found playing a barrel-organ in the Imperial Nursery, while the Crown Prince and his brothers danced to the music. "You begin in good time to make the Heir Apparent dance to your pipe," said the German Emperor, putting his head into the room, and "looking with surprise and emotion at the strange scene." To this exceedingly exciting little anecdote *Mr. Punch* begs to add another of even enhanced interest. It runs as follows:—

Prince BISMARCK, a few days afterwards, was walking in the orchard of the Palace, where he had gone to pick a cabbage with which to make an apple-pie. He met a great she-bear dancing with the rest of the Royal Family, and was immediately invited to play catch-who-catch-can until the gunpowder should run out of the heels of his boots. The Emperor at this moment passing the orchard, smiled sadly and observed, "My dear Prince, who will pay the piper? This is indeed a surprise!" Shortly afterwards, Prince BISMARCK imprudently married the daughter of the Barber, and from that moment to this took for his motto the far-famed German line—"*Vätno söp?*"

SARAH LA TOSCA.

BUT for the existence of such a being as SARAH BERNHARDT, such an author as SARDOU would not have written *La Tosca*. "Written" is scarcely the word: to be strictly accurate, I would rather say, "pieced together." The piece is in five Acts, of which two are superfluous, though not from a French dramatist's point of view, who, by occupying the stage for an entire evening, pockets the whole percentage, undiminished by any fee for a *lever du rideau*. Sensible SARDOU.

M. Pierre Berton as the Baron Scarpia
Le Nez-apolitain.

If SARAH had not been so recently seen as *Théodora*, the scene of *La Tosca* might have been laid, with greater propriety according to our plain English notions, —and according to strict French notions, for the matter of that, —in Pagan Rome, or in Egypt of the Pharaohs; and then the scene in the side-chapel between *La Tosca* and her lover, while preserving its cynical truthfulness as depicting one phase of depraved human nature, would have been less objectionable to a professedly Christian audience. *La Tosca* is a purring sensualist, in whom whatever she once possessed of religion has given place to the most debased superstition. Her religious sentiment is akin to that of the brigand who murders and robs a traveller, and then drops a stolen coin into a box at some church door, under the vague impression that he has appeased a ghost which otherwise, like the revengeful spectre of *Hamlet's* father, might have made himself very troublesome.

Sarah La Dame Blanche sees a black beetle on the dinner-table.

Given such a character to purr, to fondle, to caress, to murmur gutturally, "*Mario! mon adoré!*" (dear me, how often have I heard "*mon adoré*" from the same lips!), to be fondled and caressed in turn, then to fly out in uncontrollable, jealous passion, and at once be soothed and petted and stroked the right way; then to be gay and careless; then to be frightened, distracted, shrieking, frantic, raging like a wild cat caught in the toils; then to be the cold determined murderess, shrieking curses in the ears of the dying scoundrel she has stabbed; then horrorstruck by her own deed, to "wake the corpse" with a private religious rite; then rushing back to release her lover, and, finding herself at last duped and deceived, to utter one last despairing cry and commit suicide,—given such a character, I say, and call her by any name you please, classical, mediæval, or modern, then the only person to play it is SARAH BERNHARDT. At least, I can think of no other: nor do I want to. The "situation" in the Chapel, and the "waking the corpse," are not more repugnant to our sensitiveness in such scenes being represented on the stage than are the prayers of *Louis the Eleventh* to his leaden statues, and his bargaining with heaven before the Madonna's shrine, or the ostentatious piety of the two unhung ruffians in *Fra Diavolo*. Those who are squeamish on such matters must stop away from *La Tosca*. In action it is, on the whole, not more terrible than *Théodora*, except the situation where she sees the knife on *Baron Scarpia's* table, and the happy thought occurs to her "stick it into him." Certainly SARAH'S *La Tosca* is a marvellous performance.

Last Scene of Sarah-Sardou-Richardson's Show. La Tosca precipitates herself from the battlements into the Tiber. "*Roma Tibur amem!*"

Beyond SARAH'S own part —and it is her own, for in this instance her individuality "created" it—SARDOU being a mere sewing-machine to stitch the pieces together for her to appear in,—there is nobody in whom anyone can possibly be interested. M. DUMENY is, after SARAH, the best of the lot as the amateur painter, *Mario Cavaradossi*, whose altar-piece would be a disgrace to any church; but M. PIERRE BERTON as the *Baron Scarpia* with his exaggerated old-fashioned stagey action, in strong contrast to the naturalness of SARAH, and his mouthing elocution, is to my mind simply ridiculous. I have never seen him look better, or play worse.

SARAH is going to appear as *Françillon* on the 23rd. Cannot say I fancy her in the part of the heroine, which Mlle. BARTET played to perfection. But at all events we may look for an original view of the character, and the play, in spite of much that is tedious in the dialogue, is a good one, with several strongly marked characters.

En attendant, SARAH, in *La Tosca*, must prove a great attraction, and could fill the house for a far longer time than M. MAYER'S season, which ends Saturday, July 28th. How much pleasanter it is that a French company should come over here and play in one of our comfortable theatres, than that we should have to go to them and sit for hours in one of theirs. By all means let those, who have neither time nor inclination to encounter the inconvenience of foreign travelling, encourage M. MAYER and his French Seasons in London. The synopsis is briefly thus:—ACT I. *La Tosca* Tender. ACT II. *La Tosca* Tiddy-fol-lolling. ACT III. *La Tosca* Towzled. ACT IV. *La Tosca* Terrible. ACT V. *La Tosca* Wild. JOHN IN THE BOX.

"BY YOUR RIGHT—CLOTHES!"

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF having ordered that *brown kid gloves* shall, for the future, be worn by Officers on parade, the following further regulations are hourly expected:—

On rainy days, Field-Officers will provide themselves with umbrellas.

In threatening weather, the Band will be expected to wear goloshes.

Fancy tweed trousers, of any pattern selected by the wearer, may be assumed at any parade where undress uniform is *de rigueur*.

During the hot weather, battalions may sit down on camp-stools by companies, and plunge their feet into cold water by sections.

Finally, the entire Army shall appear on parade in uniform, except when it pleases any or every of them to turn up in *mufti*.

A TRIFLING CORRECTION.—Several Correspondents write to know "why the title of No. 8 of 'Mr. Punch's Parallels,' last week, was 'The *Bi*centenary of the Armada,' when, as everybody knows, &c., &c." Here is the explanation, as we drop easily into poetry:—

The fact is it escaped our eagle eye,
We overlooked it, and we passed it 'Bi.'

Substitute "ter," and there you are. After all, what matters a century or so more or less in the World's history?—ED.

ROBERT ON HARRYSTOCRATICK TRADESMEN.

Praps, if ever an Hed Waiter was hutterly estonished, and, indeed to say flabbergasted, it was on receiving a letter sum little time ago with a most butiful red seal of a Markis's Coronet, as I was told, it was, kindly hinformin me that the Most Honourabel the Marquis of Londonderry, havin removed his Wharf to 9 Elms Lane, his Lordship asked me to be kind enuff to send him a horder for some coals! which his Lordship said shood be delivered at my house without no extry charge, witch I calls truly harrystocrattic libberallity! His Lordship also hinformed me as he didn't keep no agents, but did all his bizziness hisself, excep, I spose, when his Lordship is in Dubbling. Being possorbly jest a leetle short of money jest then, his Lordship told me as his terms was "Cash on Delivery." His Lordship finished up his hinteresting communecashun by hinforming me that his Lordship's price for his Lordship's "best Londonderry Wallsend" was 24s. a ton.

Well, having herd as how as so many of our principle Nobillerty and their wives was a going into bizziness for theirselves, I ort not to have bin quite so surprised as I were, but as I had bin told as his Lordship was allowed a Sallary of about five hundred pound a week for running over to Dubbling now and then, and pertending to be King of Ireland, jest for fun, I really at first thort it must be a joke. Howsumever, I thort as there coudn't be no harm in trying, so I sent his Lordship a horder for a hole Tun, and sure enuff his Lordship sent them the werry nex day, and, to show as there wasn't no mistake in the matter, not only did his Lordship call me Esquire on the Coal ticket, but there was printed on it, in large black letters, "The Most Honourable the Marquis of Londonderry, Seller!"

There 's one grate adwantage in dealing with sitch iminent swells. A "Most Honourable Markis" would scarcely send me any slates in my coles, and wood see as they was all propperly skreened, and with plenty of nubbly ones among 'em, and all full wait. I ain't got no fault to find with 'em on the hole, but they rayther partakes of the April Fool carackter, that is to say, they requires lots of atention, as sitch harrystocrattick Coles naterally wood do, and if they don't git it, they fust sulks for a short time, and then quickly extinguishes theirselves, and there you are.

I thort at one time of writing to the Most Honnerable Cole Seller and xplaining this matter to his Xcellency, but I didn't quite no his Dubbling adress, so I refraned from trubbling him, besides His Lordship must have plenty to do to see to all the seweral Races he has to attend to, and to mind as there ain't no "pulling."

Being rayther particklar myself about spelling, I was summut surprized to see as the Most Honerable Markis's Carman spelt his receet, "Pade," but I spose as it stands good all the same. I shall suttenly continue to patronize the Most Honerable Markiss when I wants sum more Coles, as it seems sumhow to put us more on a pa with one another then we was afore; which is suttenly one to me.

Robert.

NOBLE LIFERS.

Lord Salisbury's Life Peerage Bill having been hung up for a year (in company with a measure of a like character, the Lunacy Laws Amendment Bill), there is now plenty of time to consider possible applicants for appointment. To assist the Government in its selection, *Mr. Punch* subjoins a first list of Candidates, with their claims for advancement:—

Name of Candidate.	*Reason for Life Peerage.*
Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.	Special desire of Public Opinion.
Sir John Everett Millais . .	Can't advance one without the other.
Mr. Walter Besant	Because he has not been Knighted.
Mr. George Augustus Sala . .	Senior to Mr. Besant.
Mr. Henry Irving	To justify Public Rumour.
Mr. J. L. Toole	On account of his success as a Don.
Sir Martin Holloway	Sequence of former honours.
Mr. Pears	To prevent jealousy.
Mr. John Hollingshead . . .	Title, "Viscount Niagara," compliment to America.
Mr. Gilbert Farquhar . . .	Compliment to Mr. J. Hollingshead.
Mr. Wilson Barrett	By request of part author of *Ben-my-Chree*.
Sir Wilfrid Lawson	To get him out of the Commons.
Mr. Justice North	To help the Lord Chief Justice.
Mr. Justice Grantham	To assist Mr. Justice North.
The Common Serjeant	To prompt Mr. Justice Grantham.
Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson	And pray why not?

Change of Name with Change of Season.—The Dog-days of this year must be remembered as "The Cat-and-Dog-days."

OPERATIC SCORE.

Everything going as usual. Good old Operas. Weather doesn't affect the score here as it does at Lord's. Good Houses every evening.

Tuesday, July 10.—Il Trovatore. Madame Fürsch-Madi—Fursch come Fursch served—makes a magnificent *Leonora*. "Doosid fine woman!" says the gay Colonel N-ss-n L-s, an authority on all operatic matters. "Very," replies Lord R. R-tnsch-ld; "thought she was French,—Fursch-*Mardi gras*," and he at once quits the house till the next Act. The *prima donna* gives charmingly, "*Tacea la notte placida*," and "*Di tali amor*." Ravelli the Reliable quite up to the mark as the merry *Manrico*, but scarcely up to *Leonora's* figure. Brings down the house with "*Ah si ben mio*." "Quite a Conservative song," says Signor Chaplino, thinking of the days of "Ben-Dizzy." D'Andrade encored in "*Il balen*." Encore declined with thanks. At end of First Act Navarrini called before curtain for being *Mio Fernando*. Scalchi

powerful: singing with great taste and feeling. "I should like to give her a few lessons, though!" says the Composer who continues to write under the name of Walter Austin. "Never too late to learn." Somehow, audience's enthusiasm cools down, and opera isn't finishing so brilliantly as it commenced. Seeing this, and wishing to enliven matters a bit, one of Druriolanus's soldiers strays out of his line at the end of the Act, and then pretends to be utterly disconcerted at finding himself between the curtain and the footlights. Signor Randegger evidently afraid the soldier is going to sing a solo—unrehearsed effect—Druriolanus momentarily paralysed under the impression that the military super is about to address audience on the wrongs of Ireland, or the Match Girls' strike, only recovers himself in time to rush round on to the stage, and find poor military super retreating from scene as fast as possible. Diversion created by incident, and opera goes twice as well after this, right up to end. Druriolanus will reward this warrior. Promote him to a sergeantry in the supernumerary forces, and "decorate him," says Lord L-th-m "with an order." Ah, *Leonora, addio!*

Saturday.—Aïda. First and only time this season. "After *Dorothy*," observes Mr. H. S-dg-r to Druriolanus, "*Aïda's* my pet Opera." "It's my trum-pet Opera," returns Druriolanus, who never loses a chance, and immediately disappears. Druriolanus always brilliant when house crowded and everything going well. Recalls for Nordica and Scalchi end of Sc. 2, Act II., and everybody back again before curtain after Second Act. Procession splendid, *mise-en-scène* magnificent. Act III.—Novel effect of boat capsizing, and upsetting the mariner. Unaccountable accident, as, the singing being so good, there was no likelihood of a squall. Wind in orchestra did it, perhaps. Last Saturday but one. Grand *Finale* of the season next Saturday, and testimonial to Druriolanus and Ravelli the Reliable.

Probable.

German Doctors, in a frenzy,
Liking not Sir M. Mackenzie,
Gravest charges make.

Hear the other side, say I.
May not German Doctors lie—
Under a mistake?

The Sweating System.—Mr. Madden, in evidence before this Committee, stated that "*Government trousers were completely made at eleven shillings per dozen.*" Good gracious! Who wear them? Members of the Government, of course. Not eleven shillingsworth of "trouserings" on the Ministerial front bench!

The Cambridge Union.—The Master of Trinity is going to make a Mrs. of Trinity. The clever young lady, Miss Agata Ramsay, was "Senior Classic" of her year; and so was Dr. Butler, only rather more so by some years. Two "Senior Classics" marrying each other! How fortunate they are not two Senior Wranglers!

Sunshine for the Eton and Harrow Match.—Most appropriate, as every parent with a boy at Eton or Harrow was glad to see some little sun on this occasion. But ultimately Harrow took the shine out of Eton, and Saturday was dull indeed.

STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.—THE ARTIST.

OLD STYLE.
AT THE "PIG AND WHISTLE."

NEW STYLE.
AT HER GRACE'S GARDEN PARTY.

THE HISTORY OF A SIGNATURE.

(From Our Life Peer Elect.)

VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—No doubt the recent discussion about the signature of MR. PARNELL prompted you to apply to me. I will tell you as shortly as I can, my recollections.

As a boy I used, when addressing my school companions, my nickname "TONK." I fancy this title was bestowed upon me with a view to calling attention to my nose, and referring to my name TUCKER, "TONK" was frequently altered into "KONK," "TUNK," and "SNOUT," but I do not remember ever using the latter signatures. After leaving school, I used to sign myself, when writing to the young lady who subsequently honoured me by becoming my wife, "TOOTY," but this was a term of endearment that I did not adopt when addressing strangers. After my marriage, at the request of my wife, I invariably signed myself "JOHN HAZLEWOOD TUCKER," and "Mr. and Mrs. HAZLEWOOD TUCKER" appeared on our visiting-cards.

Later on, when I was honoured with a knighthood for discovering (and advertising) my patent Cedarwood Cough Mixture, I called myself Sir JOHN TUCKER, and my wife was satisfied with "Lady TUCKER." She told me that she preferred it to "HAZLEWOOD TUCKER," which, as she observed, "after all, was double-barrelled, and under the circumstances unnecessary." At this time I occasionally signed myself "JACK" when addressing my brother TOM, and "Your Dear Papa, J. H. T.," when writing to my son and heir, aged seven.

The Sandalwood Cough Mixture having rendered me a Millionnaire, I have, on the promise of a Life Peerage (which will be bestowed upon me, I have reason to believe, in company with Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON), arranged in the future merely to sign myself,

Yours most truly, DE TÜCKERVILLE.

CONVERSATION-BOOK FOR OFFICIALS.

HAVE you any guns for ships?

Certainly. I have twenty guns for ships. They were ordered five years ago, and were promised to be ready last January.

Were they ready then?

No, they were not ready then; but they may be ready by next June.

Are the ships built that are to take these guns?

The ships should be built that are to take these guns, as they were promised to be quite ready for sea last July twelvemonth.

But are they ready for sea?

No, they are not; but they may be in six months' time.

Should war be declared, would it not be inconvenient?

If war were declared, it would be *most* inconvenient.

And were war so declared, what would you do?

If war were so declared I think I should go on leave.

On leave—where?

Anywhere—outside my native country.

Then you have not much confidence in the Government?

On the contrary, I have every confidence in the Government, but should war be declared I think that would be the most appropriate time for self-effacement.

"NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY."—"Happy Thought" by a certain energetic Operatic Manager,—Why not start a "National Carl Rosa Society"? or (this by Colonel HENRY MAPLESON, jun.) a "National Marie Roze Society"? The question of the chances of establishing a National English Opera House (or "Institute"—why "Institute"? the very name suggests dreariness) being now under discussion, not for the first time, the above suggestions may be useful.

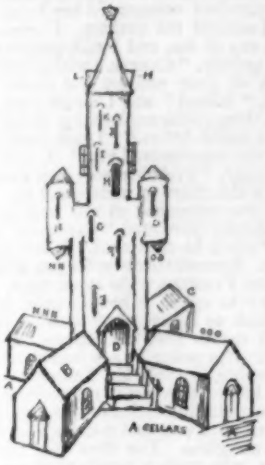
KING MILAN *v.* QUEEN NATALIE.—Checkmate in several moves. Odd quarrel. King complains of Queen's extravagancies in Milanery matters. To which Her Majesty replies that she is never dressed expensively, though always Nattily.

"'FIAT' JUSTITIA!"

MR. PUNCH (*Amicus Curiæ*). "WHY A SPECIAL COMMISSION, OR A SELECT COMMITTEE, GENTLEMEN? EITHER OF YOU COULD WAKE UP THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR;—IT IS ONLY A QUESTION OF—'*WHO'D SPEAK FIRST*'?"

THE CHURCH HOUSE.

AMONG the numerous plans already suggested, the one that we are now enabled to place before the public seems likely to meet with the most favourable consideration. It shows, at all events, whatever be its shortcomings, a laudable attempt to supply a want, and to meet the essential difficulties which *primâ facie* present themselves.



[N.B.—Design quite original. Nobody connected with Metropolitan Board of Works need apply.]

A A A. Temporary Offices for aggrieved Parishioners.

B. Church Association Department. Carefully walled-up inside, and no communication, not even on business, with

C. S.P.G. Society, similarly protected.

D. General Entrance, communicating immediately with separate lifts up to the different departments.

E. Extremely Low Evangelical.

F. Moderately Low.

G. Country-Gentlemanly Clergyman Party. Fair-sized Flat.

H. Broad Church. Large windows, with fine open views.

I. Moderately High. The windows (—) become narrower at this elevation.

J. Ritualistic Storey.

K. Ultra-Ditto. Expensively furnished. Pegs for vestments.

L M. Attics for the use of the Rev. F. G. LEE and small party. Airy situation, quite *in nubibus*.

N. Office of Mr. HAWEIS, with (N N) private staircase leading to (N N N) Concert-hall and Fowl-house.

O. Office of Rev. S. HEADLAM, with (O O) private staircase leading to (O O O) well-appointed Theatre and Music Hall, and an exit to Trafalgar Square.

Grounds arranged for Lawn Tennis Tournaments (for Bishops only); model farms for Rural Deans; summer-houses for Pastoral Plays, &c., &c.

JULY JOTTINGS.

(*Extracted last week from the Journal of an al fresco Pleasure-seeker.*)

Monday.—Go down on invitation to the BILKERBURY's place in Surrey "to look at their roses and try their strawberries." Raining heavily. Still start. BILKERBURY meets me at station with dog-cart. Says "he hardly thought I would come in such weather." Five-mile drive. Pelting the whole way. Arrive drenched. Family depressed. "Try" the strawberries at luncheon. Find them colossal, watery, slug-eaten, and tasteless. BILKERBURY says it is the rain that has done it, and that if I had only "come down last Tuesday week *then* he could have shown me something like a strawberry." Ask about the roses. Says they are simply "mashed up" with the rain, and that there's nothing left of them. Spend a dreary afternoon playing backgammon with Mrs. B. Say I think I'll walk back to the station. BILKERBURY nods and doesn't press the dog-cart. Miss my way, and lose my train. Have to wait at the station three hours and a half, in my damp clothes, for the next. Afraid I have caught cold. Home at last. A very gloomy day.

Tuesday.—Off to Tippingford to play in the Home Eleven against the Roving Batterbridge Juveniles. Pelting cats and dogs. Ground like a sponge. Both Elevens boxed up in the tap-room of a small local public-house drinking hot whiskey-and-water. After waiting five hours and a half rain stops for a few moments, and the Captains determine to begin the match. We win the toss, and go in. Owing to the sloppy state of the wicket, we are all got out for eleven in five-and-twenty minutes. Cats and dogs recommence. Further adjournment, and whiskey-and-water drinking. Weather not clearing, other side decide to go out and have their innings, when it is discovered that both our bowlers and five of the field have left for Town. Opposition Captain furious, and asks me whether I think I "belong to an Eleven of Gentlemen." Point to the weather. Rival Umpire asks "What that 's got to do with it?" and offers to fight me. Decline, and beat a retreat, eventually getting up to Town, escaping notice in the corner of a third-class compartment. Arrive dripping. Feet in hot water. To bed miserable.

Wednesday.—Glass still falling, and pelt continuous. Still, make up my mind to start for the FEATHERFLYS' Water Pic-nic at Cookham. Get there, and find the young people determined not to give it up. Say they are sure it will be "very jolly" if we only take umbrellas and waterproofs enough. Am forced to start. Find myself rowing bow in a light suit of flannels drenched through with a driving rain that is swept by a bitterly cold wind in pailfuls over my dripping back. Spirited young lady, who is steering, expresses her opinion that it is "great fun." After two hours of this, join other boats under some dripping bushes, to have lunch. Everybody in an ill temper. Get a soaked sandwich, and call attention to it. Comic man asks me what else I expected at a "Water Party." No one laughs. Should like to duck him. Start to return, wind risen to a hurricane, rain coming down in a deluge. Take an extra hour-and-a-half getting back. Hurry up to catch train without waiting to say good-bye to FEATHERFLY. Feel too savage to do it. Am all over aches and pains. Think, on the whole, it is the most disagreeable day I have ever spent in my life. Go to bed, wondering whether I shall be able to hobble through my part in the Open-air Pastoral Play which I am booked for to-morrow.

Thursday.—No change in weather. Worse, if anything. Nevertheless, start for Sir HARRY POTTIFER's place in Kent, to take part in a Pastoral Drama, written specially for the occasion by himself, entitled the *Apotheosis of Pan, or Sunshine in Arcady*. I am to play *Bacchus*. Rain coming down in torrents. Find all the players protesting against giving the thing in "such weather." Sir HARRY insists that we must, as Royalty is expected. Turn out, grumbling, and begin. Seeing that *Venus* has got on a waterproof, I put on an Ulster, and the Chorus of Wood Nymphs, taking the hint, execute a "sylvan dance" in goloshes, wraps, and umbrellas. Sir HARRY is hurt. Says he didn't think we would mind "a little wet, just for once," and that, of course, if we are going "to play the fool in that sort of fashion," we may as well "give up the whole thing." After a hot altercation on the lawn, held in a roaring wind in the midst of blinding sleet and rain, *Pan* absolutely declining to appear, even in his "Apotheosis," unless enveloped in a coachman's overcoat, a compromise is arrived at, and it is ultimately settled that we are to finish the Open-air Pastoral Drama as well as we can in the back drawing-room. Do this. It falls decidedly flat. Royalties leave before it is over. Sir HARRY grumpy, and almost rude. Take my departure, vowing nothing ever again shall persuade me to go in for a Pastoral Drama. Arrive at my Chambers, feeling that, spite the Ulster, my scanty get-up as *Bacchus* has given me a severe chill. To bed, shivering, and wishing I hadn't stood so long on the lawn in sandals.

Friday.—Feel that the sandals have done it, and that I have certainly got a chill. Head splitting. Aches all over. Glass hesitating. Think it really looks like clearing. Give three feeble cheers. Wonder whether I can manage to get down to the SPINKLEBY's Garden Party to-day, and put in an appearance at the Champion Bicycle Tournament to-morrow. Think I'll see Doctor. Do so. Shakes his head and makes me telegraph to put them both off. Explain my symptoms. Tells me I may think myself lucky if I 'get off without rheumatic fever. Says Monday set it up. Tuesday developed it. The Water Pic-nic on Wednesday brought it to a head, and that *Bacchus* yesterday evidently finished me. Orders me wet towel to my head and gruel. Toss about in a troubled sleep dreaming I am pursued by a demon Clerk of the Weather, who is playing on me continually with a four-inch hose of a sixteen horse-power engine of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

Saturday.—Glass gone up amazingly. Sunshine once more. No use. Comes too late. Still in bed. Wet towel still round my head. Still taking gruel. On the whole, an irritating ending to a beastly week.

NOTES PICKED UP IN THE COURT OF THE L.C.J.

11·15 A.M.—Fairly punctual. Must not go to sleep until all my friends are settled.

11·30 P.M.—Think there is no more room on the Bench. Have given orders I am not to be disturbed.

12 NOON.—Opening for the Plaintiff still going on. Wonder if Counsel will last until luncheon interval. Pleasant voice—does not disturb me at all.

1·30 P.M.—Force of habit! Woke up in time to suggest that the usual mid-day adjournment should take place.

2 P.M.—Find that address to the Jury is *not* concluded. Very well.

4 P.M.—Force of habit again! Woke up to the minute. Some witnesses I find have been examined.

4·30 P.M.—Adjourned Court. Shall be interested to find what I have been trying to-day. Sure to see it in the *Times* to-morrow!

The Summer of 1888.

(*Old Tune.*)

I REMEMBER, I remember
How this Summer fleeted by,
With its warmth of a December,
And its smiles of Janu-a-ry.

A MOTTO which certain Architects of the Board of Works acted on:—"One must draw the line somewhere." And they did. And that line wasn't a right line.

"IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS."

Sub-Editor (to Nervous Subscriber). "I MAY OBSERVE, BY THE WAY, SIR, THAT ALL SUBSCRIBERS TO OUR PAPER, THAT PAY IN ADVANCE, WILL BE ENTITLED TO A FUST-CLASS OBITUARY NOTICE!—GRATIS, SIR!"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

May 8.—I woke up with a most terrible head-ache. I could scarcely see, and the back of my neck was as if I had given it a crick. I thought first of sending for a Doctor, but I did not think it necessary. When up, I felt faint, and went to BROWNISH's the Chemist, who gave me a draught. So bad at the office, had to get leave to come home. Went to another Chemist in the City, and I got a draught. BROWNISH's dose seems to have made me worse. Have eaten nothing all day. To make matters worse, CARRIE, every time I spoke to her, answered me sharply—that is, when she answered at all. In the evening I felt very much worse again, and said to her, "I do believe I've been poisoned by the lobster mayonaise at the Mansion House last night." She simply replied, without taking her eyes from her sewing, "Champagne never did agree with you." I felt irritated, and said, "What nonsense you talk; I only had a glass and a half, and you know as well as I do——" Before I could complete the sentence, she bounced out of the room. I sat over an hour waiting for her to return, but as she did not, I determined I would go to bed. I discovered CARRIE had gone to bed without even saying good-night, leaving me to bar up the scullery door, and feed the cat. I shall certainly speak to her about this in the morning.

May 9.—Still a little shaky, with black specs. CARRIE had commenced her breakfast when I entered the parlour. I helped myself to a cup of tea, and I said, perfectly calmly and quietly, "CARRIE, I wish a little explanation of your conduct last night." She replied, "Indeed! and I desire something more than a *little* explanation of your conduct the night before." I said, coolly, "Really, I don't understand you." CARRIE said, sneeringly, "Probably not; you were scarcely in a condition to understand anything." I was astounded at this insinuation, and simply ejaculated "CAROLINE!" She said, "Don't be theatrical. It has no effect on me. Reserve that tone for your new friend, *Mister* FARMERSON the ironmonger." I was about to speak, when CARRIE, in a temper such as I have never seen her in before, told me to hold my tongue. She said, "Now *I'm* going to say something. After professing to snub Mr. FARMERSON, you permit him to snub *you* in my presence, and then accept his invitation to take a glass of champagne with you, and you don't limit yourself to one glass. You then offer this vulgar man, who made a bungle of repairing our scraper, a seat in our cab on the way home. I say nothing about his tearing my dress in getting in the cab, nor of treading on Mrs. JAMES's expensive fan, which you knocked out of my hand, and for which he never even apologised; but you both smoked all the way home, without having the decency to ask my permission. That is not all. At the end of the journey, although he did not offer you a farthing towards his share of the cab, you asked him in. Fortunately, he was sober enough to detect from my manner that his company was not desirable."

Goodness knows I felt humiliated enough at this; but, to make matters worse, GOWING entered the room without knocking, with two hats on his head, and holding the garden-rake in his hand, with CARRIE's fur tippet (which he had taken off the downstairs hall-peg) round his neck, and announced himself in a loud, coarse voice, "His Royal Highness the Lord Mayor." He marched twice round the room like a buffoon, and, finding we took no notice, said, "Hulloh! what's up? Lovers' quarrel, eh?"

There was a silence for a moment, so I said, quietly, "My dear GOWING, I'm not very well, and not quite in the humour for joking, especially when you enter the room without knocking—an act which I fail to see the fun of." GOWING said, "I'm very sorry, but I called for my stick, which I thought you would have sent round." I handed him his stick, which I remembered I had painted black with the enamel paint, thinking to improve it. He looked at it for a minute with a dazed expression and said, "Who did this?"

I said, "Eh? Did what?"

He said, "Did what? Why, destroyed my stick! It belonged to my poor uncle, and I value it more than anything I have in the world. I'll know who did it."

I said, "I'm very sorry. I daresay it will come off. I did it for the best."

GOWING said, "Then all I can say is, it's a confounded liberty, and I *would* add, you're a bigger fool than you look, only *that's* absolutely impossible."

"HOW TO PREVENT ALPINE ACCIDENTS."—Simple old remedy: Stay at home.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 7.

A PARLIAMENTARY WIMBLEDON.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

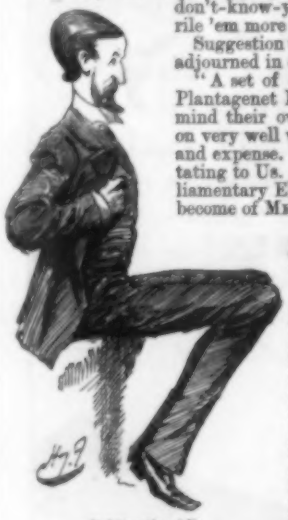
House of Lords, Monday, July 9.—Regrettable coolness sprung up between House of Lords, and House of Commons. Can scarcely be said to be on speaking terms. Talk at each other with elaborate affectation of personal disregard. Commons began it. Every Session on opening day pass series of Sessional Orders. One prohibits Peers and Prelates from interfering in Elections. This particular Order been passed for generations. Nobody a penny the worse; nobody a halfpenny the better. Pleased the Commons; didn't hurt the Lords. This year Lords suddenly woke up to indignity of the whole thing. Barons of England swore on hilt of Crusader-forefather's sword not going to put up with this sort of thing. That doughty Baron, HALSBURY (Cr. 1885), in particular outraged.

"'Sdeath," said he. "These beggarly Commons do assume too much. By the bones of my forefathers, the white dust of which choked SALADIN'S host, this shall be seen to. A HALSBURY! A HALSBURY!"

That 's an excerpt from Lord CHANCELLOR'S private conversation on

subject. Rising from Woolsack to-night, and compelling respectful attention of ROWTON, moved Resolution to effect that action of Commons in the matter should be ignored.

"Let us," he said, dropping into modern English, "assume a don't-know-yah air towards these fellows. That'll rile 'em more than anything else."



"Attention!"

Suggestion unanimously adopted. Noble Lords adjourned in condition of high elation.

"A set of common persons," said that other Plantagenet Peer, BRABOURNE. "Teach 'em to mind their own business. Think we could get on very well without the Commons. Save time and expense. At any rate, won't have them dictating to Us. A Peer not to interfere in a Parliamentary Election, forsooth! Then what's to become of ME and my personal influence?"

Business done.—In Commons, pegging away at Local Government Bill.

Tuesday.—OLD MORALITY appeared at Table with bulky bundle of copybook headings. Desire to do our duty; animated by one feeling; nothing further from our thoughts; most anxious to meet views of House; no desire to affect legitimate discussion; profoundly regret; a great property in which the nation has a deep, a large, and a vested interest; would not use the power placed in our hands to interfere with the liberties of Hon. Members; I may be allowed to travel somewhat farther, and say; certainly, Sir; always guided by a due sense of my responsibility; desire to act in the interests of the public service; in this I do not wish to be understood; when I say this, I must also state; we should not be justified in allowing; I am afraid we should not think it right; and so on, leading up to final conclusion to appropriate all the time of the House for Government business.

Sage of Queen Anne's Gate jeeringly criticises proposals. Doctor GRANDOLPH, LL.D., much distressed at this frivolity. Severely birches Sage. Then turns upon Government, tears to shreds the amiable copybook headings, sprinkles Treasury Bench with fragments. OLD MORALITY proposes to take Local Government Bill through Committee, pass all Supply, adjourn early in August, resume for Autumn Session at the end of October. Dr. GRANDOLPH demonstrates practical impossibility of this arrangement. Shall be here till September carrying out first part of programme. How could House be asked to meet again in October?

"GRANDOLPH's quite right," said BATES, clasping his hands in habitual devotional attitude. "If programme's carried out, shall certainly have an Autumn Session, but it'll last straight through from now till November."

The Ven. and Rev.

Bad quarter of an hour on Treasury Bench. Deliverance from unexpected quarter. GLADSTONE takes Government under paternal wing.

"Keep your eye on your father," he says, "and your father will pull you through."

So he does, insisting as price of deliverance that Life Peerages Bill shall be abandoned. OLD MORALITY gratefully gasps forth assent. Message sent across to Lords. Been debating Life Peerages Bill all night. Just agreeing to read it a Second Time when OLD MORALITY's note arrived. The Markiss boils over with rage; nothing for it but to drop Bill, which he does in magnificent passage of withering scorn. Sends note to OLD MORALITY to say would like to see him for few minutes.

O. M. sends back word, very busy indeed. In fact has an urgent summons to other end of town. Back d'reckly.

Business done.—Autumn Session arranged for.

Thursday.—Lords having it all their own way this week. Commons not in it. To-night, all the world knows that The MACALLUM MORE is to move Vote of Confidence in Government with special reference to Irish Administration. Ordinary attractions of speech by the Dook increased by natural curiosity as to issue. Will the Lords pass Resolution, or will Opposition, mustering in overwhelming force, defeat it? Quite exciting prospect. Nothing like little uncertainty to make debate draw.

Walking towards House beheld three cloaked figures, cautiously proceeding along Corridor. Knew them at once, in spite of disguise and shrinking gait. 'Twas GRANVILLE, SPENCER, and ROSEBERY, helping each other along, mutually cheerful.

"I at least will die hard," said the Red Earl, plucking a dagger from his boot.

"Ha! ha!" said ROSEBERY, resolutely, though with slight tendency to chattering of teeth.

"We must dissemble," said GRANVILLE. "ARGYLL's a terrible man when blood of MACALLUM MORE boils."

A crowded House. Privy Councillors throng steps of Throne. M.P.'s packed in pens at Bar. LOCKWOOD seized opportunity to make sketches for his forthcoming portrait of "Duke of ARGYLL as Bantam Cock, Crowing on his Own Dunghill." Peers' benches crowded. Bishops in lawn, Ladies in side Galleries, and in high feather.

Our Artist Q.C.

"Glad I didn't carry out first intention to come in kilt," said the MACALLUM MORE, modestly glancing at galleries, whence fifty pair of bright eyes scanned his manly form.

Just as preliminary business cleared off, STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL blew their nose. In the distance sounded something like earliest effort at tuning bagpipe. MACALLUM MORE started like ancient war-horse at sound of trump. A great occasion. Rose to its full height and his own. Perhaps a little historical in his treatment of subject. Had avowedly come to praise the present Government. Lagged on the way to bang GLADSTONE on the head and scarify SPENCER. Pretty to see the Red Earl, when opprobrium heaped upon him, stoop and furtively feel if the dagger was still in his boot.

For full hour by Westminster clock MACALLUM MORE enjoyed himself. Presently would have pleasure of hearing the Markiss and others extol his speech, whilst Opposition feebly struggled against flood of eloquence and force of argument. The debate would stand out in forefront of historic battles royal. London would ring with it in the morning, and the distant glades of Inverary faintly echo its grander passages. Everybody wound up to fever-heat by his eloquence; yearning to join in fray. Better not take up too much time. So at end of hour and quarter sat down. Gazed haughtily round attentive Senate. Who in the urgent race would win the prize of place and immediately follow him? The black-browed Markiss, the glucosic GRANVILLE, the Red Earl with his secreted weapon, or the ribald ROSEBERY, capable of speaking disrespectfully of the Equator? (*Did* the other day actually allude to Dook as a "portentous political pedagogue.") A wondering silence fell over the crowded benches. A rustle of garments, a murmur of whispered conversation, something like a titter rippling along Front Opposition Bench, and then—the Lord CHANCELLOR on his feet putting the Question!

It was all over. The House had listened, and concluded with one accord that there was nothing in the oration suggesting reply. Debate a monologue. Opposition broke forth into unseemly laughter, Ministerialists answered with angry cheer. As for the MACALLUM MORE he could not understand it.

"A low practical joke," he said, glancing suspiciously at ROSEBERY; then with head thrown back, and chest more than ever protuberant, he stalked forth.

Business done.—Local Government Bill in Commons.

Friday.—Gog and Magog had their noses pulled to-night. PICKERSGILL proposed to deprive Corporation of ancient right to appoint to the offices of Recorder and Common Serjeant. ATTORNEY-GENERAL said "No." Much cheering from Gog and Magog. Then GRANDOLPH supported Amendment. HENRY JAMES followed; OLD MORALITY capitulated; Gog and Magog groaned.

Business done.—Local Government Bill advancing by leaps and bounds.

THE PARK NEAR RICHMOND HILL.

(An Old Story with a New Burthen.)

NEAR Richmond Hill there stands a Park,
Right fair at eve or morn;
To claim it for the "Men of Mark,"
Moves most to rage or scorn.
Though Volunteers earn patriot cheers,
And *Punch's* right goodwill,
He must decline to thus resign
The Park near Richmond Hill.

How foolish would the Public prove,
Which calls the Park its own,
To yield the verdant glade we love
To tents and butts alone!
Pothunters "pot" at Aldershot,
There show your marksman skill; [of toil
But oh! *don't* spoil for thralls
Our Park near Richmond Hill!

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ENO versus A FEVERISH CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.—HOT ALL OVER.—"One boy was very bad with fever, &c., the other day, and I could not get him well, so I determined to try ENO'S. After one dose he certainly looked better, and in the evening I gave him another dose and dieted him. HE IMPROVED VERY QUICKLY TO HIS GREAT JOY. Another boy, hearing of this wonderful medicine, came and said he was warm all over, would I give him some of that medicine as he was ill. I saw he was all right, so I said ('Dwa sirf bunar') Medicine is only for those who are ill. Still he asked, and still I said nothing will I give, and started my young friend off."—Extract from a Missionary's Letter in North India, May, 1888.

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